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What is his Creed.

By George W. Remay.

He left a lot of evidence  
In front of your winter door,  
When the deep snow, frost, and white,  
Winged streets were square, mountains and more.  
Then he died.  
He did it well.  
What was his creed?  
I cannot tell.

Moved? In his heart and in his star?

In sitting down and rising up;

When more he gave, he gave the more,  
Without regret and without cap-

ing, and without need.

He was good, good.

What was his creed?

I did not ask.

He's gone like the snow,  
soft, white, silent in the fall;

He's like the wind that blow

From under the leaves; a pull

For fewer and fewer.

Dropping below.

What was his creed?

The poor may know.

He had great faith in houses of bread,

For hungry people, young and old,

And hope inspired, kind words he said

To those he sheltered from the cold.

He was good, good.

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